

CHRISTS KIRK ON THE GREEN,

Composed (as is supposed) by King *JAMES* the fifth.

WAS never in *Scotland* heard nor seen
sik dancing nor deray,
Neither at *Faulkland* on the green,
nor *Peebles* at the play,
As was (of wooers as I ween)
at *Christs Kirk* on a day:
For there came *Kittie* washen clean,
in her new gown of gray
so gay that day.

To dance these *Damofels* them dight,
these *Lasses* light of laits:
Their gloves were of the *Raffall* right,
their shoes were of the straits:
Their kirtles were of *Lincoln* light,
well preft with many plaits,
They were so nice when men them neight,
they squiel'd like any gaits,
full loud that day.

Of all these maidens mild as meed,
was nane so gimp as *Gillie*:
As any rose her rude was red,
her lyre was like the *Lillie*:
But yellow, yellow was her head,
and she of love so silly,
Though all her kin had sworn her dead,
she would have nane but *Willie*,
alane that day.

She scorned *Jock*, and skripp'd at him
and murgeon'd him with mocks:
He would have lov'd her, she would not let him,
for all his yellow locks;
He cherisht her, she bade go chat him,
she counted him not twa clocks:
So shamefully his short *Jack* set him,
his legs were like twa rocks,
or rungs that day.

Tom Luter was their *Minstrell* meet,
good Lord, how he could lance,
He play'd so shrill, and sang so sweet,
while *Towfse* took a trance,
Ald *Light-foot* there he could forleet,
and counterfitted *France*,
He held him like a man discreet,
and up the *Morice* dance
he took that day.

Then *Stein* came stepping in with stends,
na rink might him arrest,
Splay-foot did bab with many bends,
for *Masie* he made request.
He lap while he lay on his lends,
and rising sa was preast
While he did host at baith the ends
for honour of the feast,
and dance that day.

Then *Robin Roy* began to revell,
and *Towfse* to him drugged:
Let be (quoth *Jock*) and call'd him *Jewel*,
and by the tail him tugged.
Then *Kensie* cleik'd to a kevell,
God wots if they twa lugged:
They parted there upon a nevell,
men say, that hair was rugged
between them twa.

With that a friend of his cry'd *Fie*,
and forth an arrow drew,
He forged it so forcefully,
the bow in flinders flew.
Such was the grace of God, trow I,
for had the tree been true,
Men said, wha knew his archery,
that he had slain anew
belyve that day.

A yape young man, that stood him nicft,
foon bent his bow in ire,
And etled the bairn in at the breast;
the bolt flew ov'r the byre,
And cry'd, *Fy*, he had slain a Priest
a myle beyond the myre:
Baith bow and bag from him he kiest,
and fled as fast as fire
fra flint that day.

A hastie kins-man, called *Hary*,
that was an archer keen,
Tyed up a tackell without-en tary,
I trow the man was tien.
I wot not whether his hand did vary
or his fae was his friend,
But he escap'd by the mights of *Mary*,
as ane that nothing mean'd
but gude that day.

Then *Lawrie* like a Lyon lap,
and sune a flain can fedder:
He height to pierce him at the pap,
thereon to wad a wedder:
He hit him on the waim a wap,
it bufft like any bladder,
He scaped so, sik was his hap,
his doublet was of leather
full fine that day.

The buff so boyfterously abaist him
that he to th'eird dusht down,
The other man for dead then left him,
and fled out of the town.
The wives came forth, and up they rest him,
and found life in the lown,
Then with three routs there they rais'd him,
and cured him out of swoun
fra hand that day.

The Miller was of a manly make,
to meet with him it was no mowes,
There durst na ten some there him take,
sa cowed he their powes.
The Bushment hail about him brake,
and bickered him with bowes;
Then traiterously behind his back
they hacked him on the howes
behind that day.

Then *Hutchen*, with a hazel rice,
to red gan through them rummill,
He muddled them down like any mice,
he was na bettie bummil:
Though he was wight, he was not wise
with sik jutors to jummil,
For fra his thumb there flew a flyce,
while he cry'd *Barla* summil,
I'm flain this day.

When that he saw his bloud was red,
to flie might na man let him:
He trow'd it had been for ald feed,
he thought, and bade have at him:
He made his feet defend his head,
the far fairer it set him:
While he was past out of their plead,
they must be swift that gat him
through speed that day.

Twa that were headf-men of the herd
they rusht on other like rams:
The other four which were unfear'd
beat on with barrow trams.
And where their gobs were ungear'd,
they gat upon the gams,
While that all bloud burn was their berd
as they had worried lambs
maist like that day.

They girn'd and glowred all at anes,
ilk Gossip other grieved,
Some striked stings, some gathred stanes,
some fled, and some relieved.
Their *Minstrell* used quiet means,
that day he wisely priev'd:
For he came hame with unbirt'd banes,
where fighters were mischiev'd
full ill that day.

With forks and flails then let they flaps,
and flew together with frigs:
With bouchers of barns they pierc't blew caps,
while of their bairns they made brigs.
The reer raise rudely with their raps,
then tungs were laid on rigs:
The wives came forth with cryes and claps,
see where my liking ligs
full law this day.

The black Sutar of *Braith* was bowden,
his wife hung by his waift:
His body was in bleck all browden,
he girmed like a ghaift.
Her glittering hair that was so gowden
her love fast for him laift,
That for her sake he was unyouden,
while he a mile was chaff,
and more that day.

When they had bled like baird buls,
the bane-fires burnt like bails,
They grew as meek as any Mules,
that wearied are with mails:
For thae for foughten tyred fules
fell down like slaughtered flails,
Fresh men came in and hail'd their dules,
and dang them down in dails
bedeen that day.

The wives then gave a hideous yell,
when all thae yeounkers yocked,
As fierce as flags of fireflaughts fell
friecks to the field they flocked:
Then *Karles* with clubs did other quell
on breast while blood out-bocked:
So rudely rang the common Bell,
that all the *Steeple* rocked
for dread that day.

By this *Tom Tailyour* was in his gear
when he heard the common Bell,
He said he should make them all on fear
when he came their himsell:
He ged to fecht with such a fear,
while to the ground he fell,
A wife that hit him on the ear,
with a great knocking mell,
feld him that day.

The Bride-groom brought a pint of aile
and bade the Pyper drink it:
Drink it (said he) and it so staille,
a shrew me if I think it.
The Bride her Maidens stood near by,
and said it was not blinked;
And *Barlagasie* the Bride so gay
upon him fast she winked
full sune that day.

When all was done *Dick* with an ax
come forth to fell a fother,
Quoth he, where are yon whoorfon smaiks
right now that hurt my brother?
His wife bade him, ga haime, Gib glaiks,
and sa did *Meg* his mother:
He turn'd and gave them baith their pails,
for he durst ding na other
but them that day.
THE END.